

## [Mrs. Daisy Barringer]

September 20, 1939

Mrs. Daisy Barringer, (Farm Wife)

Newton, N.C.

Ethel Deal, Writer.

Dudley W. Crawford, Reviser. Original Names Changed Names

Newton Bakerton

Mrs. Barringer Mrs. Burns

Mrs. Hunsucker Mrs. Hoffman

Belton Barringer Bill Burns

mpb C9- 1/22/41 - N.C. Box 1

Paralled with the street and setting near the sidewalk is a small frame building about ten by fourteen feet. The front is opened about half way down, the lower half being a wide counter. Above the opening bangs a crudely painted sign; "Farm Market."

On each end of the counter there is a two-story glass show case, filled with cakes, pies, candies, jellies, perserves and canned fruits and vegetables. Pyramided against the rear and end walls is a tastefully arranged display of fruits, berries and fresh vegetables.

Presiding over this establishment, every Saturday from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, are two stout, cheerful farm women. Mrs. Burns, the most talkative of the

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partners, was remonstrating with her husband who was urging her to close up and get started home; while her co-worker, Mrs. Hoffman, sat tilted back against a box of sweet potatoes nibbling on an ice cream cone. The impatient husband stood aside as three customers approached. One wanted to get some cottage cheese, one snap beans, and the other a dressed chicken.

Mrs. Burns smiled, shook her head and began; "Sorry, but they are all gone. I believe we could sell ten gallons of cheese. We had anything you could have wanted this morning; dressed chickens, eggs, cream, butter, cakes, pies, custards, home baked rolls, persimmon pudding, candies, and all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Ain't them dahlias beautiful? We 2 sell them two for five cents.

"I've been in the market about seven years. I've got so used to it I can't stay at home on Saturday.

"I was born on the farm, raised by one of the county's best farmers. I married a farmer and never intend to live any where else.

"What education I have, I got in the public schools. I went as high as I could go. The schools wasn't graded when I grewed up. I am fifty seven years old. I have six children. We own our farm and have plenty of every thing.

"Before these farm markets started we farm women had a poor way to earn pin money. I belong to the Woman's Home Demonstration Club. We meet once each month with some member. The County Agent meets with us and gives a demonstration on something new each time. This Club is for the farm women only. It teaches them how to use what they have at home to a better advantage. Canning, cooking, sewing, baking, fancy pies and cakes for market, how to dress chickens, turkeys and can meat. This market is the result of Home Demonstration work.

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"The farm women no longer have to go out and peddle their produce from door to door. Our produce is of the best, and we keep our prices with the merchants.

"This building cost Mrs. Hoffman and me a hundred dollars. We pay seventy five cents a week rent on the lot. Any time its necessary we can move the building.

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"Are you ever going to pack up and go home?" Mr. Burns inquired and strolled away for the second time.

"I ain't ready yit and we ain't got but tree cows to milk," she answered.

"I average about ten dollars a week on my produce. That's clear profit. The only thing I have to buy is sugar and flavoring to go in my cakes, puddings and pies.

"Sometimes we serve a chicken or turkey dinner. This is part of my recreation. Its a pleasure to come to town and meet all my customers, and spend the day. It sure keeps me stepping about to get things ready on Friday.

"My leisure time is spent going places, visiting with my children and friends. The only time I go to a ball game is to please some of the family. Shows are not in my style, and I don't care for them. We take a trip to the mountains and the coast once a year.

" I don't approve of women voting, don't think its their place. I vote though every time just to please the old man. Divorce is another thing I don't approve of. I've lived with my old man thirty years, and guess I can stand him as long as he lasts. He drinks a lot of liquor and has been to an institution twice. If I'd divorce him and marry another I might get one just as bad, maybe worse. It might be a case of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

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"I declare its five thirty, I must get these 4 things packed up or Bill will be fit to be tied. Come around next Saturday and we will talk some more."